

carrots (for good eyesight),
cod liver oil (for a shiny coat)
and kibble we mixed into a
surfboard-size meatloaf and baked,
it making the oven and house
smell awful for days but it
was worth it because our dogs
loved it and loved us all the more
when we fed them the malodorous
and healthy homemade dog food

and then one day my philandering
hippie husband came home after
3 days and nights at a love-in
bleary-eyed with a bad case
of the munchies and ate
a big plateful of it.

My god, he said, that meatloaf
in the refrigerator tastes
just like dog food.

THE VOLKSWAGENS

The first one, the red one, my second
husband bought us because he liked to
make jokes about wearing it but soon
he wanted more room and traded it
for a big white '65 Chevie,

the blue one he paid down on for me
after he left me so I could find
a job and when it blew up just past
the Grapevine en route to Bakersfield
I called the bank to repossess it,

and the green one my mother bought me
after my father died so I could
find a job and when I married my
3rd husband he drove it until he
wrecked it, screwing up the alignment

so bad it shimmied going over
40 so he exchanged it for a
beige, stolen Volks keeping the green Volks'
license plate. It was all so clever
until he was hit head-on one night

by a pick-up truck and the cops found
out the beige Volks was stolen and they
confiscated it so he traded

his not-stolen Harley for a white
Volks which we drove so much and so far

twice the brakes, clutch and engine had to
be replaced, and the sunroof wouldn't
roll back anymore, the radio
knobs broke off, the seats and windows stuck,
so we sold it and bought an Audi Fox

and I've regretted it every day since.

I KNOW IT WAS ONLY A COINCIDENCE

I know it was only a coincidence that after
I read in that book on witchcraft that it
brought bad luck to take a lock of hair
from the dead and I cut a curl from my
dying grandmother for a keepsake that I
began to have the worst luck of my life:

I caught the flu and missed 2 week's work.
My boss started picking on me.

My boss fired me.

I missed my plane to San Francisco.

My tooth abscessed and I had to have
a root canal.

A spider bit me.

My car broke down on the freeway.

And I caught my husband with another woman.

So I threw away the lock of my
grandmother's hair and immediately
my luck changed for the good.

I know it was only a coincidence.

DEAD MOVIE STARS COME TO ME IN DREAMS

Cary Grant saved me one night from a mudslide,
John Wayne bought my mother and me roast beef
in an English pub, Natalie Wood came weeping,
telling me she didn't like being dead or those
Dead Natalie Wood jokes they were cracking all
over L.A., Rock Hudson wanted to marry me
because he loved my black bean soup, and my
first husband who was handsome as a movie star
in his youth came to me the night he died
holding a vodka bottle and looking sad and shy